

I Want to Experience You

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Summary: Kyon is invited to Yuki's apartment for reasons unknown. She explains to him that she is an alien. As an agent of the Data Overmind, she wants to experience all that she can from this world... Including sex. KyonxYuki. Mature... Seriously, Mature. Don't say I didn't warn you. Like, every position in every orifice mature. That said, enjoy. Reuploaded with proper spelling.

I Want to Experience You

"Well, that's great, and I'm sure that if you told Suzumiya about this, she'd be thrilled, but I really have to go before I lose any more of my sanity."

I started to stand up. At first, Nagato didn't stop me, allowing me to make my way to the exit. But before I could get all the way there, she put up her hand in a robotic fashion and called softly for me to stop.

"I am not done, yetâ€|" she said, matter of factly, so much so that I could hardly tell if she was trying to pull a joke on me.

Turning around, I looked at her nearly expressionless face. However, if I had to pick an emotion for her to be wearing, it would have to be maybeâ€| shyness? Embarrassment? No. That didn't make sense. Not for Nagato. She never got embarrassed about anything, and she certainly wasn't shy. She may have been aloof and even cold at times, but she wasn't exactly shy.

"Yes, Nagato? Was there something normal that you wanted to tell me?"

I realized after I had said it how rude that was, but there was no chance that I could take it back, now. I would just have to deal with her reaction, whatever it might have been. She nodded stiffly and almost artificially.

In other words, no reaction whatsoever. The sarcasm seemed to have passed right over her head. Sometimes I wondered if Yuki had Asperger Syndrome, or some complex developmental disorder on the Autistic spectrum.

It would certainly explain why she was so socially isolated, as if being so was of her own doing. It could also explain why she always seemed so disconcertingly intelligent, as many people with such a disorder are.

The way I see it, actually, there are three possibilities. One possibility is that medically and psychologically, she is perfectly normal, and just an extremely aloof, albeit brilliant girl. The second possibility, which was seeming more and more likely, was that she had some kind of Autistic Spectrum Disorder.

The third option, and, I must say, the least likely of all of them, was that she was telling the truth. That she was an alien, and that Haruhi really did hold the key to auto-evolution, or whatever.

Of course, if I were to accept everything that she had told me, she was very much artificial. Of course, given what she had told me, I was beginning to question my definition of artificial. If artificial was something that was either synthetically made, or something fake, what did that mean the definition of "real" was?

If artificial was something that wasn't natural, then would real be something that was natural? That wasn't quite it. Real simply meant the condition of being factual or present, rather than being imaginary or false.

Given that definition, reality was a tenuous thing at best. Nagato made the argument that there was such a thing as a Data Integrated Thought Entity that had no physical form or presence. Did that mean that it wasn't real?

I don't want to debate with her or with anyone for that matter, the semantics of reality, but if real was what you could detect with your senses, then indeed, reality was merely the passage of electrical impulses through the central nervous system to the brain. At the moment, though, I figured that I would go along with what she was telling me.

After all, there's no real proof that such a thing could not exist, and therefore, one can automatically assume that anything is possible if the only criteria for possibility is that that thing cannot be disproven.

However unlikely and poorly accepted this theory may be by the scientific community at large, I can't argue that such a thing is technically impossible. I always used to believe in aliens, and why the hell not. It's a big universe, and ever expanding, if the theory of infinite expansion and negative energy is correct, of course.

I mean, if there is intelligent life on Earth, why shouldn't there be intelligent life elsewhere. Just because we haven't found it yet doesn't mean that it isn't there. It just means that humans are limited enough in their scientific capabilities that we cannot reach out that far into the Universe.

It's ironic that I would be thinking of such things as the difference between real and false in this case, as I had no idea how "real" everything was about to get. Had I actually known at the moment that I was pondering the theoretical eternal expansion of the universe that Yuki would soon prove to me just how "real" she was, I would never have questioned her in the first place.

Now, I've never touched Nagato, nor did I ever believe that I would at that moment, at least not in any prolonged exposure, but thus far, she has proven that she has physical form due to the fact that she is able to materialize in this environment and interact with it at will. She can pick up and manipulate solid objects. Does that mean that she is real? It's possible.

After that long moment of silence in which I had pondered the deeper meanings and indeed the semantics of reality, Nagato spoke, again in that matter of fact tone that sometimes irritated and sometimes intrigued me. Now, though, I found that it would just begin to freak me out, especially in stark contrast to what she was about to say.

"I want to experience what humans call sex," she said to me with but the slightest hint of a blush on her pale, almost doll-like features. Ironically, even though I don't know Nagato very well, I wasn't sure if I really believed that she grasped the gravity of what she was asking of me.

To say such a thing in such a blasÃ© manner, with so little concern for what she was really askingâ€¦ Actually, such a social contradiction was right up Nagato's alley, I think. Given that she had just moments ago told me that she was an alien, or technically, a humanoid interface built for contact with organic life forms.

Actually, now that I think about it, she had merely said that she was meant for contact. She had never actually specified what she meant by contact. I'm not going to go so far as to assume that a dictionary definition would suffice to describe what Nagato meant. Of course, given the circumstances, I was only half hoping to get out with my sanity.

Losing my sanity had definite possibilities. It would make it infinitely more believable, at least to myself, that this odd, albeit, kind of sexy, situation was really happening. And that is why the other half of me was shouting in my mind Just say yes, dumbass! Don't ask so many questions!_

According to Freud, that last mental statement would have been my Id, the part of my psyche that screamed out for utter indulgence of any and all primal instincts that I could possibly come up with.

My ego was shouting at me that none of this made any sense, while my superego was telling me that whether or not this was actually happening, it was wrong to take advantage of Yuki like this (ha. Now I'm even calling her Yuki instead of Nagato. I don't think my ego is winning out.)

Needless to say, her offhanded request for sex left me utterly dumbstruck. I couldn't believe what she was saying. Was she actually asking me to have sex with her, just like that? I was about to laugh,

and I probably would have done so hysterically had she not had her usual completely serious face on.

Of course, that also meant that I couldn't tell whether she was just yanking my chain or if she was being serious. Granted, it would be a joke in rather bad taste, but given what Nagato was saying, I was about ready to believe that she really was an alien. Given that, she might not actually realize that joking about such things was bad.

I've always accepted the fact that I wasn't the most athletic, most intelligent, or the best looking boy in school. Therefore, I was never surprised when I didn't get asked out at all in middle school. I like to think that I have a fairly strong grip on reality.

Of course, one could again argue that reality is a fragile thing to be certain, but leaving that aside, I think that I would be considered fairly sane by society's standards (in stark contrast to Haruhi Suzumiya, who could be seen as the very paragon of insanity).

But thisâ€| this one comment by Nagato, if she was being serious, might very well put me over the edge of insanity, just by how little sense it made. But, whatever the cause, be it social ineptitude or madness, to be approached with such a request, I began to wonder if Nagato really did belong in a mental hospital as well.

"Y-y'know, I really have to goâ€| M-my sister and mother are probably wondering what happened to meâ€|" I said, hoping that my lame-ass excuse would work. It seemed as though my Ego's stronger side was starting to kick in.

My Superego wasn't telling me that this was wrong anymore, though, which slightly worried me. I began to wonder if my moral palate was slipping. Nonetheless, I started toward the door again.

Unfortunately, fate was not on my side today, or maybe, it was fortunate. I mean, Nagato is extremely beautiful. So beautiful in fact, that I sometimes wondered why, despite her nearly non-existent personality, she didn't get more requests for dates.

Perhaps she did get a lot, but never said anything? After all, most guys at my age aren't exactly looking for meaningful conversation when they ask a girl out. Nonetheless, Nagato had decided to ask me, and apparently decided to adopt an expression she believed to be reminiscent of someone begging for something, although, it didn't seem that way to me.

I wondered if I was now expected to go along with thisâ€| not that it was a bad deal for me (conscience be damned), but it was still kind of weirding me out.

"Noâ€| Please do not leave. I really want you to have sex with meâ€|" she said, looking at me with her expressionless eyes, on her deadpan face from behind her glasses, speaking in her emotionless, robotic voice.

Nonetheless, she moved forward slowly, swaying her hips rather robotically as though she were more machine than human, and put one

hand on my shoulder and the fingers of her other hand on my left cheek.

Oddly enough, despite the jerkiness with which she moved, I found myself strangely aroused by all of this. I was beginning to wonder if I had lost my mind to a testosterone induced form of sexual catatonia or some stupid diagnosis like that.

"I reallyâ€| reallyâ€| want youâ€| she said, still in a near whisper, and with only slightly more emotion than before. However, she seemed to get the basic idea, as she was leaning in toward me and pursing her lips as though she was getting ready to kiss me.

It was kind of odd to hear Nagato attempting to go through the relatively ritualistic motions and phrases of foreplay. Odd for two reasons, actually: the first reason of course was that I always assumed Yuki to be vastly knowledgeable on obscure facts in every field one could imagine except for sociality.

Two, she was actually not doing a bad job. I know, I know. It's terrible to say such things about anyone, especially someone who just asked you to have sex with them. However, I always pictured Yuki as the quiet intellectual, with absolutely no interest or knowledge of sex other than what she may or may not have actually learned in middle school.

Now, I wouldn't have believed that any of this was actually happening either, mind you. That was why I pinched myself hard on my arm, making sure to dig in with my fingernails. I felt pain instantly, awakening myself to the fact that indeed, this was not a dream.

Granted, now, I wouldn't have minded such a dream, and it would have been a very pleasant dream to boot, but given the fact that it was real, I wasn't sure if I was really ready to go through with it. Maybe I would just let myself keep dreaming for a while.

"Please don't make me force you, Kyonâ€| she said in what I assumed was supposed to be a sexy voice, but came off as sounding forced and somewhat threatening, evenâ€| not that I was one to judge.

"A-are youâ€| _joking_â€| Nagato?" I asked her rather stupidly. I felt even stupider because I could actually feel myself turning bright red at that very moment, and I was sure that even someone like Yuki would be able to tell that it was taking everything I had not to just immediately jump her.

If she was joking, of course, she had taken the joke quite far enough, and I would almost dare to say that even she should have known that the joke by now was in extremely poor taste. However, Nagato proved that she wasn't joking by shaking her head once and leaning in even closer, kissing me squarely on the lips and grabbing my collar as if trying to be rough with me, though, I didn't exactly doubt that an alien might be able to apply superhuman strength when they wanted to.

"Just tell me one thing, Nagato." I said, though I wasn't sure why I was bothering. It was going to end up happening anyway, most likely, whether I wanted it to or notâ€| Again, not that I was complaining.

It was actually almost funny how twisted fate could be, if indeed fate existed. At least it was twisting in my favor this time, thoughâ€| hey, I can be selfish too, sometimes, can't I?

"What is that, Kyon?" she asked, trying to smile, but failing and giving me more of an agitated smirk.

"Why me? I mean, you're a pretty person, and despite the fact that you've just admitted to being an alien, I'm sure most guys wouldn't think twice about having sex with you. Why did you pick me?"

"I read in a book that sexual intercourse was a physical display of intimacy and affection. Since I wasn't sure what those emotions were conceptually, I looked them up in the dictionary. Intimacy is defined as a close, familiar, and usually affectionate or loving personal relationship with another person or group.

"Given that, affection is defined as fond attachment, devotion, or love. Despite these dictionary definitions, I still couldn't quite grasp what these meant, so I asked one of my comrades, Ryoko Asakura, and she explained to me that affection is a feeling of deep friendship and loyalty to another.

"I searched through my mind to decide if there was anyone with whom I shared such a relationship, and inevitably came to you. Thus far, Haruhi Suzumiya, I have determined to be incompatible with me due to being of the same gender.

"The same is true of Mikuru Asahina, and the other male students in my class, I have determined that I do not have any sort of personal relationship with them. However, you and I have spoken to each other on multiple occasions and we share similar activities through the SOS Brigade. I felt that you were the only appropriate choice.

"I have furthermore determined the interests of the male gender to be primarily focused on things of a sexual nature. Therefore, I deemed the likelihood of success in this would be high."

"I ummmâ€| I see. Wellâ€| Kindness doesn't exactly work that wayâ€| N-Nagato. One isn't n-necessarily expected to return 'the kindness.' Do you get it? The point of true kindness is that one doesn't actually expect anything in return." I continued nervously.

"I see." Yuki said in her typically concise and no-nonsense manner that although it usually disconcerted me, was kind of endearing her to me, now. I couldn't explain that, exactly. Frankly, I understood why I couldn't explain it.

My brain had already sort of fried by then, and I was actually impressed with myself that I was even forming complete sentences. Besides, despite the fact that such a thing might be true of Taniguchi, I was almost offended by the fact that Yuki assumed all males to be sexually obsessed.

Now, to you, the reader, I want to make two things clear. One, I am not a pervert who will have sex with any girl for no reason at all other than to satiate my libido. Two, I still think about sex as much as the next healthy teenage boyâ€|. Knowing these two things, I'll allow you to come to your own conclusions about why I acted in the

way that I did.

"O-okayâ€|" I said, trying not to seem confused by her long speech. She nodded and walked over to me, kissing me on the lips again and pushing her tongue in my mouth, moving it around and lashing the inside of my mouth with it, as I imagine she read somewhere that she was supposed to do.

I pushed her back against the wall and dominated the kiss quickly, pushing my tongue over hers, allowing it to dance in her small mouth. On her perfect, porcelain features, I could see hints of a blush washing over her nose and cheeks.

It was soâ€| cuteâ€| it was almost criminal. I suddenly realized that I was starting to think about what Yuki might look like in various cosplay costumes. She'd look amazing, most likely in a maid or a bunny girl costume.

And a gothic Lolita getup would lookâ€| incredible. At this time, I thought about pinching myself to make sure once more that it wasn't a dream. However, it was all going so well that I wasn't sure if I really wanted to know.

Therefore, I remained unaware of if I was truly dreaming, and continued kissing her passionately. I could feel my entire body heating up rapidly, as though it knew exactly what was about to happen. I was getting really hard, and it was almost uncomfortable, though I knew that I couldn't take off my pants just yet. We hadn't gotten that far.

Quickly, and rather mechanically, although I can't say that I minded, she pulled me over closer to the bed, as if slowly drawing me there to build up the tension. It was kind of hot to see her like this.

She was a little bit mechanical and forced, but not overly so. Weird how things work out sometimes. My hands began to roam over her body. Despite her small stature, she was nicely shaped, and it was like a dream to be able to feel all of it.

Well, from looking at hentai for most of my teenage life, I sort of knew what to do from there, beyond just going immediately to sex. I slowly moved my finger down to her sailor fuku and started to draw it over her head as slowly as I could manage, though I realized that I was starting to feel a little bit apprehensive.

I could hear a short gasp coming from her mouth, almost as if she was unsure. Well, being the perfect gentleman that I was, I stopped for a moment, catching her eye. She looked almost nervousâ€| shyâ€|

Again, it was kind ofâ€| adorable to see this side of her. I never really had thought of her as sexy before, maybe only because she was so damn stoic all the time, preferring monosyllabic answers to full sentences.

"S-something wrong?"

Could not have handled that better. In case you were wondering, that was sarcasm. I am perfectly aware that I am not a perfect gentleman and that there are undoubtedly many things that I might be able to

handle better, given the chance to try again. However, she seemed not to notice my doubt, since she shook her head and kissed me as if to ask me to go on.

Drawing the shirt over her head, I revealed her bra, and her perfect body. Though it was obvious that she was shapely, even under the loose sailor uniform, it was even more obvious when she was out of it.

I reached behind her, removing her bra. Her small, but perfect breasts were a sight to marvel at. I gently reached down and began massaging her left breast, causing Yuki to gasp, I'm guessing in pleasureâ€| I hope.

Man, now that I think about it, I am beginning to wonder if I should maybe have done this story in the third person. It's almost a little bit awkward, after all, talking about this entire sex scene from my own point of view, and I don't think that most authors would attempt to do such a thing.

In fact, writing in the first person, is rather a rare writing style altogether, but for a romance, it's practically unheard of. But, back to the story, as I suppose I can't change directions now.

Nonetheless, she gasped, arching her back and throwing back her head. For the first time, she was showing enough emotion on her face that I could actually tell what she was thinking. I suppose that even Yuki had to drop the faÃ§ade of emotionlessness on occasion.

Granted, it was only when she was making love to someone, if indeed something like this could be considered 'making love', rather than just having sex. But again, semantics. I wondered vaguely, although I didn't really care that much, if her statement about she and I being the only plausible couple that she could see was the truth.

Kissing her again, I slowly pulled down her skirt, leaving her only in her panties. She looked at me fiercely, leaving me to think that maybe I had done something wrong (God she was beautiful, though!) but then she gracefully undid the buttons on my shirt, pulling it off of me and dropping it on the floor.

When she wanted to be, she could be quite graceful and dexterous, as she was able to undo my buttons with such ease that she made her own hands seem like liquid. It was actually a real turn-on.

Slowly, her cool fingertips moved over my chestâ€| man, I can't believe I'm talking about this in the first personâ€| and she sighed contentedly. Finally, I pushed her into the other room and onto her bed, where I removed her panties and my own pants and put my head between her legs, licking her pussy, causing her to jolt slightly.

She was already slightly wet, and I had never actually done this before, so I was pretty surprised. It tasted strange. Maybe she was just as surprised as I was by how it felt. I couldn't really tell. Anyway, I kept going.

I could see her face contorting, though she didn't try to stop me, so I'm assuming that meant she was enjoying it. I knew that I sure was.

I was so hard, and wanted so bad to put it inside her, butâ€¹ ironically, I was also having fun doing exactly what I was doing.

That could be a dangerous mistake, I suppose, but I didn't care, really. It felt good. I was so hard, my cock was practically twitching. Finally, she released all over, nearly causing me to gag on her juices and she sat up, pulling down my boxers.

Finally, we were getting to the main course, so to speak. Again, I know that it sounds perverted to talk about this as if it were a multicourse dinner. However, that was almost what it felt like.

She looked at me and smiled. It was the first time I had ever seen her smile, and it was nice. It didn't light up her features in the same way that Miss Asahina's smile did. Rather, Yuki's smile was smaller, and more mechanical, like everything was about her.

However, it certainly made her look more human than she ever had before. I was beginning to wonder nowâ€¹ Should I believe her about being an alien? Anything was possible. But to do that, I would have to accept that Haruhi was really as important as she believed that she wasâ€¹ In other words, that her arrogance and self-centeredness was more justified than I first thought.

She slowly slunk up to me and put my cock in her mouth. It felt amazing. I had never had a girl do this to me before. I had masturbated plenty of times, so of course I had felt what it was like to cum. I imagined that this would be slightly different, though.

She moved up and down my shaft, licking every inch of it. I couldn't believe she was so good at this. I sort of thought that she would be as clumsy as I was. She wasn't, though. It was almost like she had studied for this in advance. That didn't make sense, though, so as I exploded in her mouth, I tried not to think too much about it.

I suddenly found myself getting nervous. Was this what people called performance anxiety? Maybe. But I was guessing it was just because she still had on that deadpan face, even with my cum all over it.

She didn't seem to mind, though, because she stared at me for a moment and then swallowed most of it and then brought her slender finger up to her face, brushed the rest off and put it in her mouth, slowly sucking on it, as if savoring every drop.

She then got down on her hands and knees, and I positioned myself at her entrance. Again, I felt a pang of doubt, wondering if it was real. But by now, of course, I didn't really care anymore. I was feeling way too good, and if I ended up waking up in the morning, my pajamas wet, I would know that it was just a dream, but I would know also that it would probably be one of the best dreams that I had ever had.

Pushing in, I immediately broke past her barrier and buried myself to the hilt. Waiting for a moment for her to get used to it, I stopped. I could see the look of discomfort on her face, and knew that that was the pain that a woman felt when they lost their virginity. Wait,

do aliens have virginity to lose?

I mean, she was, by her own account, of course, created, and not born. Ah, well. I don't really give a shit. With that thought out of my mind, I pulled out slightly and then started thrusting in and out over and over again. Both of us began to scream loudly into the air, gasping moans of pleasure. I couldn't believe that this was actually happening to me.

Up until now, I could have sworn that it was a dream, but now, the pleasure was so intense and real that I knew that it had to be true. It had to really be happening. There was no other explanation. It was the most amazing thing that I had ever felt, and probably the most amazing thing that I ever would feel.

I had forgotten even that I was supposed to be at home, and despite the fact that my mother would probably chastise me for being out so late, and my sister would notice my flushed face and tease me about being on a date, I didn't care. I was ready for all of that.

Finally, I came again, but it somehow wasn't enough. Apparently, Yuki sensed this, because, she pushed me down and impaled herself on my cock again, moving up and down, crying out as she did in ecstasy.

I could see her face strained with pleasure that she probably never thought that she could feel, and sweat was slowly forming on her beautiful doll-like, almost Lolita-like features, leading her to sparkle like Edward Cullen in the dim light of her room.

(A.N. I don't particularly like Twilight, or at least, I didn't like the book. I can't vouch for the movie. However, it was particularly funny when I heard that vampires are supposed to sparkle in the movie, so I thought it an appropriate analogy).

I could feel myself building to climax again. I knew that I was probably going to be bone dry for days afterward, if you know what I mean. Again, though, I didn't really care, and then for the fourth time that night, I came as I never had before.

After that, Yuki got on her hands and knees again and pointed to her ass. Her desires seemed to be going now onto the rather kinky and unorthodox. Not that I was complaining. I had always personally wondered what it was like to do something like that. I couldn't believe she wanted to do it, though, so I not so hesitantly obliged and penetrated her, thrusting in and out as I had before.

At first, I saw the pain contorting her features, but after a moment, she got used to it and started grunting in ecstasy and calling my name into the air. Although I was a little bit tired, I continued this until I came for a fifth time.

I could have finished there, but Yuki then sat in between my legs as if she wanted to go one more time. I could see the flushed look on her face. Despite the fact that she had said that she was just experimenting with human feelings and emotions, she actually seemed to be enjoying herself. Not that I minded, mind you.

So, sitting behind her, gently holding her breasts, I entered her again, thrusting in and out of her perfect body. I did this for a

while, holding my climax back as long as I could to enjoy it for as long as I could. Finally, though, I could hold it no longer, and I exploded once more inside her.

It had been an amazing night of sex, and I don't think that I could have asked for any more from something that was just supposed to be a short talk, granted, it was a talk about aliens, and how Haruhi was even stranger than I thought she was. However, it turned out to be so much more, andâ€œ Despite Yuki's strangeness, I think I might just like her.

She's got this subtle air of wonder about her that makes me want to learn more about her, and become closer. Maybe we'll actually become friends after this. Even if we never have sex again, I imagine that we could at least do that.

When I got up to get my clothes on, Yuki pulled me back down and kissed me on the lips again. This time, it was a soft kiss, devoid of the lust that she had displayed earlier. She actually smiled at me and held my hand briefly, and stroking it before letting it go.

"W-will youâ€œ go out with me, Kyon?" she asked nervously. I smiled at her and nodded. Actually, that sounded like it would be nice, as long as Haruhi didn't find out, of course. She would probably just yell at me for being an idiot or a perv or something like that and punch me in the gut or something.

I wasn't so sure if having sex had been a good idea, but it felt good, and I wasn't really hurting anyone, right? As long as she didn't get pregnant, we would all be fine, though, I wasn't even sure if an alien could get pregnant.

"Please come back again, Kyonâ€œ kun," she said quietly, hesitating before adding the â€œkun suffix, as though it was unnatural for her.

"I'm sure I will, Yuki-chanâ€œ! Th-thank you." I said, kissing her goodnight before walking out and biking my way home. I'm quite sure that Haruhi would be furious with me if she ever found out what occurred on this night, but at the same time, I never plan to tell anyone.

It's not the kind of thing that anyone needs to know, anyhow, nor is it anything that anyone would probably believe. I mean, if I told Taniguchi and Kunikida that I had sex with Yuki Nagato, they would probably stare at me stupidly for a moment and then laugh so hard that they pissed their pants.

Now that would be a funny sight to see. But now, I suppose that I have my own dirty little secretâ€œ! Please don't yell at me for making such a bad reference to the song of the same name, because I do realize that I did that and it was intentional.

All the same, my mom's gonna kill me for staying out so long! So, checking my watch, I found that it was almost midnight. I had school the next day, so that meant that I would be operating on only a few hours of sleep.

Fortunately, Yuki knew something of a remedy to this. Using her bogus

voodoo magic, she transported me and my bike back to my front door. I never knew that aliens could use magic, but go figure. I guess it shows exactly what I know.

End
file.